DURING DINNER

BY ARNOLD BENNETT

How Much Was This Bridal Couple's Life Influenced By This Strange Encounter?

THE lounge, a large apartment of irregular shape, full of cozy corners and grouped easy chairs inviting to intimacies, and lit by rose-shaded lamps embedded in the carved ceiling, and screened from the outer world by thick, rosy curtains, was perfectly empty. Warm and well cushioned and softly carpeted, it waited in silence with its discreetly voluptuous engravings and statuettes, its silver trophies of sport and its gigantic ferns and palms, for the end of dinner, when it would be comfortably filled by ladies and gentlemen who, until they went up in the lift to bed, had nothing to do except digest and play cards.

The dining room was separated from the lounge by a glass wall, through which the diners, aided by their high priests, priests and acolytes, could be seen dining with dignity and ceremony. Not a sound came from the dining room through the glass wall; its inhabitants might have been an optical illusion.

On the other side of the lounge was a much smaller apartment, called by the hotel proprietor the sunroom. Its semi-circular front wall was wholly window, and if there was any sunshine this room caught it and imprisoned it and presented it to the persons who cared to occupy the row of easy chairs ranged in front of the vast expanse of glass. The sunroom was cold at night. On this night its curtains had not been drawn nor its lamps lit.

Through the window the nocturnal pleasure town offered itself with its piers and its promenade all festooned and jeweled in electricity, and its motors gliding to and fro, and a little ragged boy crying evening papers in the east wind just under the window.

The sun room was not quite dark, partly because of the radiance from the streets and partly because of the radiance from the glowing lounge. Within it, gazing forth at the magic spectacle of the town, could be seen a young man in dinner jacket.

He was tall, with a small head, he had race and distinction; he had evidently done all that was proper in his station and age, from fighting in the trenches to joining the right clubs. And although he held himself carelessly and was ever so little negligent in his attire, he had the authentic chic which the most meticulous and earnest dandies in Paris try in vain to match. He gazed at the town for quite a long time and then turned and gazed into the brightness of the lounge. He was waiting. The lounge was waiting.

Then a fat, middle-aged woman with dirty dress and dirty apron, sidled apologetically into the lounge, carrying a dirty tool box. Her tools consisted chiefly of various brushes and rags. She knelt down before the great patent stove that burnt coal economically and yet brightly near the middle of the lounge, and garnished and tidied and rubbed the stove and swept its hearth, and sidled apologetically out again. She knew she was an eyesore in the rich room and ought to be ashamed of herself for being visible in paradise.

And once more the lounge and the young man waited. Then a bell rang and the lift went up. The lift shaft, surrounded by the staircase, ended in the lounge itself, so that the traffic and burdens of the lift might provide interest for the loungers in the lounge.

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THE lift descended, bearing a woman. It was a pity that the lounge happened to be empty of sightseers, for the young woman was worth witnessing. A blond, and not very tall, she had a face lovely in form and tints, glinting brown eyes and hair, and a smile that was habitual. The arched curve of her eyebrows added to her agreeable and eager expression a note of thrilled surprise. Having a perfect complexion and lips she had, of course, plentifully employed rouge and powder. Having the most adorable fingernails she had, of course, most elaborately painted them. She was magnificently dressed; her jewels, though few, might have been pawned for at least a thousand pounds.

She glanced questioningly round the empty lounge with a look half innocent and half initiated, half jaunty and half bashful. The truth was that she had been married nearly three weeks, and this was not the first hotel of her honeymoon; therefore she considered herself an old hand, learned in the world's ways, omniscient on the subject of love and husbands, and not on any account to be mistaken for part of a honeymoon couple. But also she had her doubts concerning her competence as a woman of experience, and her great knowledge sometimes frightened her. Nevertheless she knew that she was utterly delicious and all-powerful.

Satisfied that there really was nobody in the lounge, she tripped up to the glass partition and spied cautiously upon the dining room. Then, puzzled, she crossed the lounge again and peered into the twilight of the sun room.

"Ah! There you are! I was wondering where you'd got to."

She spoke so vivaciously and charmingly and lovingly that you would have thought that, the place being quite deserted, the young husband would have sprung at the young wife and kissed her on the spot.

But no! The young husband did not move. He did not even look at the young wife. He glared aside—at nothing. His mouth worked. He bit his lip. His hands dug themselves into the very deeps of his pockets. He was in a state of considerable emotional disturbance. Whereas the young wife, whose intimate acquaintance with the male sex was limited to a week or two, and who surely ought to have been seriously agitated—the wife maintained a beautiful calm.

"Aren't you coming in to dinner?" she asked sweetly and simply.

"No!" grunted the husband, and then after a pause added: "I'm not."

"But what's the matter?" she demanded in gentle, complete amazement. "Phil, what is the matter?"

In that moment Philip, as hundreds of millions of young men and old men before him, stood absolutely astounded at woman's power of duplicity. Here was a young woman whom he had really believed to be quite different in her nature from all other women whatsoever—an honest, sincere, genuine, straight young woman, a pal as well as a wife; and now every tone of her voice and every word she said and every movement of her hands lied to him—lied foolishly without the least hope of deceiving him! She asked what was the matter, but she knew what was the matter, exactly and entirely what was the matter. She knew that he was profoundly hurt and anxious. Her odious tranquillity proved that she was insensible to his suffering.

"I am not going in to dinner until that fellow at the next table has come out," Philip announced, with finality. And then the little pause, and then the clinching phrase, "And so now you know!"

She gave a low, light laugh.

"Oh! It's that? You're still worrying about that," she said, just as though ten minutes earlier they had not had quite a scene in the bedroom about that fellow who sat by himself at the next table. Her method of conducting an argument was exasperating to the last degree.

"I told you I shouldn't," said Philip, with restrained savageness.

"But don't I tell you I've never even spoken to him?"

"The man's a cad. That's certain."

"I don't see that he's a cad."

"No. Women often like cads. But he's a cad all the same. He makes eyes at you all the time, at every meal. And upon my soul, you smile at him. Do you think I'm blind?"

"I think you're very silly," she replied, this time with conviction. "I can't understand you at all. I never heard of such a thing! I suppose you think I ought to feel flattered by your jealousy——"

"Jealousy!" he sneered.

"But I'm not." She still spoke evenly and kindly, somewhat like a mother to a child, though she was by six years his junior.

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SHE imagined that her equanimity was very clever. But it maddened Philip. He began to lose control of himself and found a terrible satisfaction in doing so. The dreadful thoughts, suspicions, accusations, criticisms, condemnations about our best friends which lie hidden at the bottom of the hearts of all of us and upon the concealment of which depends the safety and decency of human relations, rose up unchecked to the surface and escaped in speech.

He called his wife a flirt; he referred to her ruthless hunger for pleasure and luxury, to her egotism, to her vanity, to her faulty upbringing, to the absurdities of her parents and other relatives and to his own confiding, trustful, foolish nature, which his wicked wife had known how to deceive.

"I'm afraid I've married a jealous monster," said she in reply, sadly; and then, with an assumption of courage, "still, there it is, and I expect I must make the best of it. Anyhow, if you aren't going in to dinner, I am. You'd better take a stroll. The exercise will calm you and pull you together——"

"Smiled at the man!" How grotesque! She had never smiled at the man. She had smiled at the room, smiled generally—nothing more. The man was absolutely nothing to her. Must she scowl to please Phil? He had gone clean off his head. She had always suspected that he was inclined to be a bit jealous; but this scene was indeed too much. It was incredible, tragic, catastrophic. It was the ruin of all her chance of happiness.

She thought of the wedding—only the other day—and of his tenderness and his passion. She turned away with a fixed, expressionless smile toward the dining room. She would see the thing through. She would eat and drink, though she choked for it. She did not guess that if she had burst into tears and fled upstairs he would have followed her, furious at first and then contrite.

Philip watched her depart. His hand behind him touched a blind-cord. He pulled at it, and it broke, and a large blind rattled down with a noise astonishingly like thunder. A stout cord, a cord nearly a quarter of an inch in diameter, and he had (he thought) scarcely touched it; and yet it had broken between his fingers as a bit of cotton might have broken! The noise and confusion of the blind seemed to him somehow to symbolize what had happened to his marriage. He suddenly felt exhausted and also frightened. He was quite alone. Ethel had disappeared into the distant dining room. The whole brooding expanse of the deserted lounge lay between him and humanity. He ought according to his own code to have sworn and raged manfully. But there was no occasion to keep up appearances, and he moaned to himself weakly, despairingly:

"Oh dear! Oh dear! Oh dear!"

Then he was aware in the gloom of a face peering at him round the flap of a huge easy-chair that was slightly turned from the direction of the window. He was not alone! He had not been alone! The episode from beginning to end had had an unseen, unguessed spectator. Philip, discountenanced and wondering how he ought to behave in the very startling circumstances, did not move.

"I know exactly how you feel," said the spectator in a quiet, worn voice, and so naturally, so simply and amicably that Philip could not take offense at the unhear of familiarity.

The man rose from his chair and slowly approached Philip and stood close to him—little gray-haired man, apparently about sixty. Philip had seen him once or twice in the hotel; he always came very late into the dining room for meals, eating by himself. He was well dressed and of good deportment, and yet there was something queer, disconcerting, about him—about his demeanor, his accent, and about the very quality of his voice; he was both apologetic and haughty, both hard and sensitive, both common and distinguished; as for his accent, Phil could not put a name to it; further, when he spoke his lips scarcely moved.

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"THERE'S nobody can understand you better than I can," the man continued. "And there's nobody got a better right than me to warn you that if you can't control that insane jealously of yours you have a fair chance of a tragedy in your life. Look at you! Look at your face! You're all shaking. You aren't a man. You're what remains of a man after a devil has had possession of him and devastated him."

"See here——" Philip began in sharp but feeble protest; he was somehow overawed, as much by the man's choice of words as by his extraordinary self-assurance.

"You won't mind me talking to you like this," the man stopped him, almost grandly, "when I tell you that I'm Crary."

He spoke as though he were announcing a fact of terrific, dazzling, unique interest.

"Crary?" Philip repeated the name murmuringly, as he might have repeated "Smith" or "Jones."

"The Crary."

"I'm afraid——"

"Do you mean to say you've never heard of the Crary case, the Crary-Hamwich case?"

Mr. Crary still spoke quietly, but in his tone there was utter amazement, and some resentment. His sensitive pride had been wounded by Philip's ignorance. He was really hurt.

"Im afraid I haven't."

"Oh well!" Mr. Crary gloomily accepted the situation. "I suppose you're too young to remember even the greatest public events of the nineties. But believe me that for weeks, once, I was the most celebrated man in this country—and now you don't even—such is fame! Such as fame! Good Heavens, sir! Im in the 'Famous Trials' series. And even today I stand alone. Nobody else has been through what Ive been through. Nobody!"

"Oh! What was it?"

"Well, I can't tell it you all. Take too long. So you've never heard of the murder of Mr. Hamwich! I murdered him. From jealousy. That's why I thought I must speak to you. Will you listen? Nobody'll come into the lounge for twenty minutes yet." He glanced around.

"Yes," answered Philip, still shakily. He did not want to listen, but he was intimidated by the singular mien of the little man, and by the conjunction of the words "jealousy" and "murder," and by the horror of his own frightful feelings only a few minutes earlier. A murderer in front of him! Why had the murderer not been hanged? How came he to be at large, a guest in high-class hotels?

The little man proceeded:

"I was in love with Mrs. Hamwich as much as you are with that young lady who's just gone. I assume she's your wife."

"She is."

"Mrs. Hamwich was young," Mr. Crary's voice trembled, "and I was a bit younger. Mr. Hamwich was forty-five. I say I was in love with Mrs. Hamwich desperately. And Mrs. Hamwich was in love with me. We couldn't help it. We didn't know what to do. She wouldn't do anything wrong. She wouldn't leave her husband. I had to give her up. Mr. and Mrs. Hamwich lived at Canonbury, you know—North London. I don't know why I went up to Canonbury that night, and into their street.

"I saw them walking home together. He held her arm. He was owning her. A very correct gentleman, in business. I'd nothing against him except that he was her husband and owning her. It drove me mad. I was so moved that I could not bear my emotions. I had to ease it, and there was only one way. The devil rushed me across the road, and I stabbed Mr. Hamwich in the back—twenty-two times, they said afterward. With a pair of scissors that Delphine—that was Mrs. Hamwich—had given me for a keepsake.

"I STABBED MR. HAMWICH IN THE BACK — TWENTY-TWO TIMES, THEY SAID AFTERWARDS."

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"OH, I knew what I was doing! Only it wasn't I, it was somebody else in me. I enjoyed doing it. Yes, I enjoyed it. I'd never been so happy in my life. It was awful—my happiness was. Awful! Awful! Afterward I was very ill. Of course they arrested me. But they arrested Mrs. Hamwich as well. They made out that she had planned the murder with me—urged me to do it. They brought evidence for that. Scissors and so on. Letters. But it was an absolute lie. An absolute lie. I was staggered. Neither she nor I had had the slightest idea that I was going to kill him. You don't think you're ever going to kill anybody, do you? No more did I, till the moment came. They tried us together. I had money, lots, and I spent a lot of it on the trial. Not for myself. No hope for me. But for her.

"We were both convicted and sentenced to death. I fainted in the dock. She didn't faint. I never saw her again. There was no appeal in those days. There was only the home secretary to go to. The newspapers were full of us for a fortnight. Tremendous petitions for reprieve.

"Then at least I heard that the home secretary had refused to interfere in my case. That was the day before the day. They wouldn't tell me anything about Delphine. Prison rules. Not a word could I get. And I was allowed no visits. I was sure she was reprieved. They'd put me in another cell. I knew it was the condemned cell. I was never left alone. Two special warders all the time. Very friendly fellows. That is, they got friendly after a day or two. But they wouldn't talk about her—not a word. Had orders, I suppose. Only I didn't want to talk about anything else.

"It wasn't being hanged that troubled me so much. No, it was remorse. You don't know what remorse is. You can't. It's the most dreadful thing that can happen to a man. Remorse for killing Mr. Hamwich, of course. But far more, far more, for having got Delphine into this ghastly ruin. I raged about that. I couldn't believe the stupidity of the jury, of the unscrupulousness of the crown counsel. I couldn't believe it was all true. I had one thought in my head all day and nearly all night. Injustice! Monstrous injustice to her! And I'd done it. I'd brought it about! In two minutes—a minute! And what had made me do it I don't know. Sometimes I couldn't credit that I had done it. It was rather as if it was something I had read about in a newspaper.

"Well, it was the governor himself came to tell me my petition for a reprieve was refused. I asked him about the petition for Mrs. Hamwich. He got stiff and awkward at once. He said: 'I know nothing about Mrs. Hamwich. She is not in my charge and I've no responsibility for her.' I said: 'But she's bound to be reprieved!' He said: 'Yes.'

"Well, then, I made sure that she was reprieved. They couldn't hang her, couldn't! A woman, and innocent! I went easier in my mind. I wondered how I could ever have doubted that she'd get off in the end."

"But what next?" Philip demanded now, impatient, excited, feverish.

"I'm not telling this well," said Mr. Crary. "I've never told it before to a soul, and I'm forgetting things. I'm mixing things up. I'd forgotten about chapel on Execution Sunday—that's the last Sunday before the execution. I was taken into chapel by myself then, after the others, and I sat in the red pew at the back—pew with red curtains across it. The condemned pew. Nobody could see I was there. But all the other prisoners knew I was there, and they knew I knew.

"And once when I met a convict in a corridor—how he turned his head away! I asked my warders why he did that. They both blushed. One of them told me afterward the reason. It isn't etiquette in a prison for convicts to look at a condemned man. Not nice. They think he won't like it, you see."

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ANOTHER pause. Mr. Crary had not faced Philip again. He was talking quietly, but with slight emphasis now and then to the street, to the glittering piers and the promenade and the motors gliding to and fro in the pleasure town. Philip sat up in the easy chair and leaned forward and glared intently at Mr. Crary's back.

'Well, all that's nothing after all. After he'd been to see me in my cell the governor sent for me to his office. At night. So I was taken to his office. My warders stayed outside. The governor said to me: 'Crary, he said, 'sit down and have a cigar.' So I did. I was as calm as calm. Then he said: 'Crary, I'm not a religious man. I don't know anything about heaven, and I don't know anything about hell. That's the chaplain's business, not mine, and I dare say this last few days you've had to listen to all you wanted in that line,' he said. 'But,' he said, 'you're going to die tomorrow morning. Before you die,' he said, 'I should like to know you're sorry for having killed that man,' 'Sir,' I said, 'I'm d—d sorry.' And so I was. So I am.

"When I got back to my cell they lighted the lamp outside that shines through the little window into the cell. No other light. I might have written things on the slate that they give you. But I didn't. Didn't want to do anything. One of my warders asked me to play draughts and I did, just to please him. Then I lay down on the bed without taking off my clothes.

"The other warder came back. He said: 'Aren't you going to undress Crary?' 'No,' I said. 'I'm not.' They didn't say anything to that. I slept all night. Next morning when I woke up I said: 'What time is it?' They said: 'You've got two hours yet. Try to sleep a bit more.' But I didn't try. One of the warders went out and came back in a minute or two with a bundle. It was my clothes, my dark gray suit. I was to be hanged in my own clothes. I liked that. But they wouldn't let me put on my collar and necktie. You see.

"'How do you feel?' they asked me; 'All right?' 'Yes,' I said, 'All right.' Then they brought me my breakfast, which I'd asked for, two poached eggs, and the tea in a can, and the mug. I ate it all. And a cigarette. 'Is it raining?' I said. 'No,' they said, 'but it has been.' I didn't feel as if anything was real. I felt as if it was a tale—fairy-tale, yes, fairy-tale. Then the prison clock struck. I had another hour yet. Then it was the chaplain in his surplice came in. The warders went out. Don't I remember the keys rattling!

"When the chaplain had finished the governor came in, and the chief warder and the assistant executioner and the doctor. Cell was full of people. They gave me some brandy. They were all very nice, and I told 'em so. I didn't ask about Delphine or anything. Then the assistant executioner fastened my arms. I began to feel queer. But that was nothing to when the chaplain started to say the burial service at me as if I was dead.

"Another thing I forgot to tell you. There were two doors to my cell. One of them had never been opened. It was opened now. We went out in a procession and the chaplain went on with the burial service, and there was the execution shed or whatever they call it, just outside!

"And the undersheriff and one or two others were waiting there, and the executioner was waiting for me on the scaffold—he had a red mustache, and I thought he looked terribly ill and queer. So I went up on the scaffold—I tell you I couldn't believe it was true—and the executioner put a bag over my head and I couldn't see, of course. And then there was a thud and I couldn't make out what had happened. I heard the governor's voice, very excited and nervous. He said: 'Never mind him! Never mind him! You must do it; you must do it.' And the assistant executioner said, 'No, sir. Not after that I won't do it. Not if it was fifteen hundred pounds instead of fifteen. Not after that!'

"I only found out afterward what it was had happened. The executioner had had a fit. They took the bag off my head again, and I went back to the cell. And they were all as white as a sheet, every one of them. My sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life. I needn't tell you there's no such thing really as a life sentence. After about a quarter of a century you're let out. A quarter of a century!

"You, sir, must have been aged about three when my executioner had a fit. All the time you were growing up, governess, school, college, I suppose; fighting, I suppose; falling in love, I suppose; I was in prison, thinking about what mad jealousy leads to. And I'm still thinking about it, and after what I've seen and heard of you tonight I'm thinking about it now more than I have for years. I'm not fifty——"

"Not fifty!" exclaimed Philip, in amazement.

"Not fifty. But I've lived through whole centuries.

"And I haven't told you all yet. I haven't told you the worst part. At the very moment when my executioner had his fit my innocent Delphine was executed in another prison-yard in London. She hadn't been reprieved. They'd allowed me to deceive myself, for fear I might go mad. Some one actually proposed that the other executioner who had dealt with Delphine should come along and the next morning deal with me. The scheme fell through as they say. For one thing the fellow refused. Executioners are very superstitious.

"I've had all that to think over for a quarter of a century. Of course I don't feel it so much now—not nearly so much. I'm numbed. You do get numbed. I go about the world numbed. Nobody knows me. Naturally I don't call myself Crary." He turned at last sharply to face Philip and said with a sort of explosion: "If I wasn't numbed I should have smashed this plate-glass window with my fists long before I'd finished telling you my story."

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AT this point there was a thud just outside the sunroom, in the lounge. Philip gave an involuntary cry. For an instant he thought it was the executioner in a fit—astounding delusion on his part!

The thud was the noise of the fall of Philip's young wife. Girlishly repenting her resolution to dine alone and leave Philip to recover unaided from his madness, Ethel had quitted the dining room, crossed silently the silent lounge, and, intimidated and enthralled by the disclosure of Mr. Crary to the window, had hidden herself behind the wall which separated the sunroom from the easternmost part of the lounge.

She had withstood the terror of the recital as long as she could, and then had faltered and dropped in the arched opening between the rooms. She lay there with her lovely raiment and jewels all disordered, and her face as dead white as the faces of the officials at the execution where the criminal was not executed. Mr. Crary saw her first and pointed to her. Philip turned in obedience to Mr. Crary's scaring finger. He sprang from his chair to the archway and knelt beside her, not in the least knowing what to do.

"Let her lie. She'll come round in a minute," said Mr. Crary proudly, with his unmoving lips.

Philip was himself ready to faint under the fearful shocks of Mr. Crary's tale with its tremendous moral for the jealous. Mr. Crary had put Philip in terror of the possibilities of his own instincts. The husband felt as though he had just escaped a catastrophe for which none but himself could have been blamed, and as though the catastrophe avoided might recur soon or late in the future if he did not watch over himself night and day. He was nearly stunned by the revelation of himself to himself.

And also he was exquisitely and profoundly touched by the yielding compunction of his wife, who, after leaving him to his folly, had out of sheer loving good nature come back to wheedle and cajole him out of his folly.

He stroked her cold cheek, marveling at the fineness of it and at the complex and delicate perfection of the organism which was she.

And the empty lounge brooded with its rosy lamps and its flickering fire, indifferent and yet warmly indulgent, upon the group. And outside the gleaming motor cars glided in curves against the glittering electric background of the promenade and the piers. And through the glass wall of the dining room waiters attentive and deferential could be seen passing to and fro. And there was not a sound.

And Mr. Crary contemplated with pride what he had done, the stupendous impression he had made, the mighty lesson he had taught. After a quarter of a century of martyrized subjection Mr. Crary had risen suddenly to majesty, to domination, to sovereignty. He had imprinted himself upon his fellow creatures. He was saved from futility. The sublime horror of his tragedy clothed him. He lived again.

Returning life-blood tinged the young girl's cheeks. Philip kissed them with tender violence. His passion was to shield and cherish her, to surround her with protective affection. His passion was by extraordinary deeds of devotion to earn her forgiveness.

"I'm all right," she murmured feebly.

He picked her up in his arms. Light! Light as down! He carried her off swiftly toward the lift, the pale wisp of the train of her dress dragging along the carpet. The auburn girl and the yellow girl in their tight-fitting black, caged in the reception office before vast books of account—these saw the pair first and caught their breath. Then the hall porter, meditating between notices of theaters, trains and char-a-bancs, saw them, and started officiously. He was too late. They were in the lift. The gate banged. The lift shot up, showing through its bars a glimpse of a white skirt against a black coat. It was gone aloft.

The doors of the dining room opened.

"You can say what you like——" the voice of a young woman emerging was heard, breaking the enchantment of the lounge, "I prefer creme de menthe to green chartreuse."

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HE PICKED HER UP IN HIS ARMS. LIGHT! LIGHT AS DOWN!

Logging Under Water.

THE scarcity of pine timber in the middle west some time ago led the lumber mills to engage in a novel undertaking, by which they hope to save millions of dollars' worth of logs which now lie at the bottom of the Mississippi and other rivers.

For more than fifty years logging has been carried on by rafting pine logs down this great highway, the logs being floated down the Mississippi to a point just north of St. Paul, where they are gathered up and made into rafts. From this point they are floated down the river to the various mills, guided by small steamboats or tugs.

It is the general belief that the river bottom is literally paved with pine logs as far south as Dubuque. It has been proved that logs submerged in this way can be raised with great profit. The plan is to lift these logs with a hoisting engine erected on a flat boat, place them on the river bank and have a government scaler inspect them and record the marks found thereon. Each lumberman has a private mark, which is affixed to every log. When the original owner of the lost logs can be found he will be compensated at the rate of $8 per 1,000 feet. This represents just so much profit to the owner and still leaves a fair margin of profit to the hoisters, who can find a ready market for the reclaimed logs at from $15 to $20 a thousand.

Sound pine logs do not deteriorate when submerged in water, no matter how long they remain. Logs which have lain under water for half a century are found to be in perfect condition, and lately some of the best lumber produced has been that from some gigantic pine trees that were felled years ago and became drawn down in one of the neighboring lakes by the waterlogging of hardwood timber with which the raft was bound. The entire raft, chain bound, was lifted, and half a million feet of perfect timber was recovered.

Other streams in Minnesota and Wisconsin, where logs have been rafted for years, will be explored by the company formed to begin operations on the Mississippi river.

Imitations of Nature.

MAN'S inventions are frequently only imitations, more or less clumsy, of nature's own devices. It would appear, for instance, that even insects have sounding board, although they may be supposed to know nothing of the laws of acoustics. Entomologists have found on the under side of the forewings of two Japanese insects, of the families cidaria, a curious pit or hollow, closely connected with an organ believed to be used by the insect for producing stident sounds. The pit would evidently serve to concentrate the sound of the shell-shaped orchestra stands and reflect the melody of the instruments to the ears of the auditors.

In the Khari hills of India another specie o fthe same insect has been found which possesses a smilar set of organs. The shrill, creaking sounds that insects produce seldom fall pleasantly upon our ears, but they must produce a different effect on the insect world, else nature would hardly have provided these little musicians with sounding boards.